

# The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler  
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"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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## THE MESSENGER.

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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,

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## Poetry.

### DEATH.

Out of the sorrows of sadness,  
Into the sunlight of gladness,  
Into the light of the blest;  
Out of a land very dreary,  
Out of the world of the weary,  
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,  
Into a blissful to-morrow,  
Into a day without gloom;  
Out of a land filled with sighing—  
Land of the dead and the dying—  
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,  
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,  
Dark with the wreck drifting o'er—  
Into a land calm and quiet;  
Never a storm cometh nigh it—  
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers  
Perish and fade all the flowers—  
Out of the land of decay—  
Into the Eden where fairest  
Of flowers, and sweetest and rarest,  
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the ailing,  
Thronged with the anguish and wailing;  
Out of the world of the sad  
Into the world that rejoices,  
World of bright visions and voices,  
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,  
Out of a land ever mournful,  
Where in bleak exile we roam—  
Into a joy-land above us,  
Where there's a Father to love us—  
Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

## Communications.

For The Messenger.

### THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

This subject received some attention at the Alliance in Philadelphia, but neither the papers read, nor the discussions that followed, grappled with the subject in a way to bring out anything new. The papers presented the theory of *verbal inspiration*, and the usual arguments to sustain the theory, but without seeming to realize the difficulties surrounding it, and without, therefore, seriously grappling with them. The venerable Dr. Cairns (I think it was) did indeed point out the difference between the inspiration of what may be known to be the true text, and the question of settling what is the true text. This latter work, the work of scholarship and criticism, is *not* inspired. But here already we meet a serious difficulty, not one, indeed, that cannot be overcome, but one which was not answered. If the Canon does not determine its own limits, and if it is left to uninspired minds to determine which are and which are not inspired writings, how then can we be sure that the passages we are reading are indeed the Word of God and not the words of fallible men.

There are difficulties also in the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, where the writer evidently does not confine himself to the *exact words* either of the Hebrew or of the Greek Septuagint, but aims merely to give the sense. How can this be reconciled with the theory of verbal inspiration as usually held? We could give some

examples from St. Paul's quotations, which would present greater difficulty, we think, than the one raised by Canon Farrar, and which Dr. Watts thought he answered; but it is not just our purpose to do so now. The fact, that the division of sentences, the vowel points, the accents, &c., are not inspired, presents another difficulty. Then again, it is not claimed that the translation is inspired, and therefore, on the theory of verbal inspiration, the ordinary reader does not practically read inspired words, but the words of fallible men. We might present other difficulties, difficulties that have been so great that many have given up that theory and adopted another, commonly held by German theologians.

This second theory is, that while the subject matter of the Bible is inspired, its form, i. e., the particular words, involving points of grammar, rhetoric, &c., is not inspired. This theory is carried so far, that some who hold it allow that there are errors in the Bible on points that are not essential to the substantial truth declared. The Bible, they say, may err on points of science, because it does not purport to teach science, while it is infallible in the declaration of spiritual, supernatural truth.

But here again (without further stating this theory) there are serious difficulties. The substance and the form are so vitally conjoined that it is not just so easy to see how the one can be inspired and the other not. How shall we draw the line where the inspired ends and the fallible, uninspired, begins? The Germans seem to be entirely satisfied with this theory, while the adherents of the verbal inspiration theory regard it as fatal to the whole doctrine of inspiration.

The distinction usually made between revelation and inspiration, as drawn by one of the papers at the Alliance, opens up new questions. If it is used to mean that the Bible, as the Word of God, is not an immediate revelation to those reading it, but only an inspired and infallible record of such revelation, then objections might here be interposed. So also, if it is used to mean, as it is sometimes used, that revelation comes through the Word, but inspiration takes place in the soul by the Holy Spirit, then again we meet with difficulty.

But why go on enumerating such objections and difficulties? Merely to show, we reply, that our apprehension of the doctrine of inspiration is not settled, as some, with a good deal of assurance, seem to think. Some of the Princeton theologians, and one also from New Brunswick, take the position that theology is a finished science. Dr. Van Zandt spoke with some contempt of those, who advocate what is called progress in theology. We may refer to this broader question at another time. We believe in progress in theology, and have an equal contempt for the theory (not the men who hold it) that theology must always remain the same. A fallible theology is dead, and ought to be buried.

Returning now to our particular subject, we think the Church will yet have to come to a theory of inspiration, which will take up what is true in the two theories referred to, but which will go beyond them both. That is the kind of theological progress we advocate, a progress like that in history in general, and that of Christian life in particular, which conserves all that is good and true in the old, while it yet brings in the new.

Is there then a theory that is not the one or the other named? Or, are they the only alternatives? We may be assured, *a priori*, that where two such antagonistic theories are struggling with each other and with the truth, there must be another that will reconcile them. We are so far a *Hegelian* as to believe, that truth is evolved through such antagonistic processes. Not that philosophy or reason is able, in themselves, to evolve the truth,—that must come from the source of the truth, the Word of God itself; but these antagonisms in the apprehension of the truth lie in the way, and become conditions of, reaching the truth in a higher and more advanced form of apprehension.

If neither of the theories named is satisfactory, what, then, is your theory? It may be asked. It would be great presumption to say we have one which will clear away all the difficulties with which the subject is at present surrounded; but we make no doubt that the Church will reach one. One pre-

requisite for reaching towards it is to diminish some of the narrow self-assurance with which either of those now held is put forward as containing the absolute truth—the last word that can be said upon the subject; and one object in these few lines is to direct attention to it by those who think on such subjects. Are you satisfied with either one of the theories now held? PROGRESS.

For The Messenger.

### THE PULPIT AND POPULAR SKEPTICISM.

No doubt well nigh every earnest minister of the Gospel, has felt himself confronted with the question, "How ought I to handle the Popular Skepticism of the day in my pulpit ministrations?" Some, doubtless, have been able to arrive at an answer satisfactory to their convictions, while others remain more or less confused and oppressed with doubt. The recent perusal of an article on this subject, in the "Princeton Review" of March, 1879, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., of Boston, impressed me with the conviction, that he has indicated the true and final answer to the question. While necessity demands that the Christian polemic should descend into the arena of philosophic and scientific discussion, and challenge the assumptions and inferences of the skeptic, in labored and learned argument, this, ordinarily, is not the wise course for the pulpit. This last is set for the proclamation of the positive truth—Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and only incidentally for the attack and overthrow of error. As many readers of the MESSENGER may not have access to the published article, the following extract will furnish them with interesting reading, especially as it shows that the Reformed Church is not alone in emphasis with the last measure of emphasis, the *Person of Christ*.

S. N. C.

"I have already indicated, in a word, what must be the power of that simplicity and unity by which the Gospel can become effective. It is the Person of Christ. If there has been one change which above all others has altered our modern Christianity from what the Christian religion was in Apostolic times, I think beyond all doubt it must be this, the substitution of a belief in doctrines for loyalty to a Person as the essence and the test of Christian life. And if there be a revival which is needed to make Christianity strong against the enemies which beset her, and clear in the sight of the multitudes who are bewildered about her, it certainly must be the reclamation of her personal idea, the reassertion of the fact, that Christ is Christianity, and that not to hold that this or that concerning Him is true, but to follow Him with love and with that degree of knowledge of Him, which has been given us to be a Christian. Allow me to dwell on this for a few moments, for I feel its importance very deeply, and I wish to say one or two things about it. There are, then, two distinct ideas of Christianity. One of them magnifies doctrine, and its great sin is heresy. The other of them magnifies obedience, and its great sin is disobedience. The first enthrones a creed. The second enthrones a person. Of the second sort, not of the first, is the Christianity of the New Testament; of the first sort, not of the second, has been a very large part of the Christianity of Christendom. I am sure that every thoughtful man must see that the question is not one of exclusion but of precedence. A doctrinal religion must be personal if the doctrine has relation, however remotely to a personal history; and a personal religion must be doctrinal, since love and obedience can live and act intelligently only in the light of knowledge concerning Him who is loved and obeyed. But still the difference remains between the presentation of religion as a scheme of truths to be believed, and the presentation of religion as a person to be believed in, and it is the latter that in these days, I think, is the secret of the best method of dealing in the pulpit with popular skepticism.

For personality is the only simplicity which holds in itself completeness. I well remember the first sermon that I ever achieved. The text was from 2 Cor. xi: 3, "The simplicity that is in Christ," and a cruel classmate's criticism of it was, that "There was very little simplicity in the sermon, and

no Christ." I am afraid that he was right, and I am sure that the sermon never was preached again. Its lack of sympathy and lack of Christ, no doubt, belonged together. It was, probably, an attempt to define doctrine instead of to show a man, a God, a Saviour. For think a moment if it is not true, that personality is the only power in which mystery can become real and vital and practical. You describe thought, love, hope, fear, life itself, and men are all bewildered. You set a living, loving, thinking, hoping, fearing man before them, and without the loss of one particle of the mystery which your abstractions tried to describe, the emotion, the condition, the being is instantly real and realized. A child learns life in the interpretation of fatherhood. Now, if at the bottom, the secret of skepticism is the unreality of religion to the skeptical soul; if it is not mystery, but the inability to seize and realize mystery that makes the trouble; if we believe in a Christ so completely powerful that once perfectly present with a human soul, He must master it and it must yield to Him; if the reason why men doubt Him is that they do not, cannot, will not see Him, then, I think, it must be certain that what they need is a complete, living presentation of His personality, so that He shall stand before them and claim what always was His claim, "Believe in Me"—not "Believe this or that about Me," but "Believe in Me." That, always, is the faith of the gospels. They had no creed but Christ. Christ was their creed. And it is the glory of the earliest Church, that it had for its people no demanded creed of abstract doctrine whatsoever. In the venerable wisdom of the apostolic symbol, it believed in Father, Son, and Spirit, the one eternal God.

Let me remind you, also, how in the personal conception of Christianity, continually, carefully preserved, lies the hope and even the chance of the minister's growth and advance, without the dislodgment either of his own or his hearer's faith. Many ministers to-day are kept from the larger thought and knowledge about religious things to which their spirits and the times are urging them, because they fear that any change of views will ruin the power of their ministry by making them seem inconsistent with themselves. How can they say to the people, "This does not seem to me now as it seemed a year ago," and yet hope to see the people's faith which was grounded on that teaching of a year ago continued? But this is a difficulty which belongs entirely to the dogmatic conception of Christianity. The personal conception is not troubled with it. I may freely say, "The Friend whom I bid you to know a year ago, see, He is different, He is greater, wider, wiser, deeper than I thought," and you may be all the more ready to see Him now because of the partial knowledge of Him to which it was my privilege to help you then. A personal relation offers the highest picture of the combination of stability with progress, but an intellectual conception is always sacrificing stability to progress, or else progress to stability."

For the Messenger.

### REV. JOHN M. CLEMENS.

The late Rev. John M. Clemens, the son of John and Elizabeth Clemens, was born in New Berlin, Union Co., Pa., on the 27th of January, A. D., 1838. In early infancy his parents dedicated him to the Lord in Holy Baptism, which was administered by Rev. Jost Henry Fries. At the proper age, after having been duly instructed in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion by Rev. A. B. Caspar, he was confirmed and received into the full communion of Christ's Church, and became an active member of the Reformed congregation at New Berlin.

From the time of his confirmation, Bro. Clemens felt himself drawn toward the holy ministry. With this purpose in view, he went to the Institutions at Lancaster in the year 1860, where he studied between four and five years. After his collegiate studies at Lancaster, he studied theology proper at our Mission House near Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Having completed his studies here, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by Sheboygan Classis, October 20th, 1866, and came east in response to a call from the Littlestown charge in Adams Co., Pa., where he was ordained and installed as pastor by a

committee of Zion's Classis. He served the Littlestown charge about three years; then accepted a call from St. Clair, Schuylkill Co., Pa., where he labored until the 28th of August, 1871, at which time he left St. Clair and removed to Conyngham, the charge in which he ended his comparatively short but earnest work for the Lord. He continued his ministerial work until the 25th of June, when his sickness—abscess of the liver—commenced, which terminated in death on the 11th of September, at 3 25 P. M. Without a struggle, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, aged 42 years, 7 months and 14 days.

About the year 1864, brother Clemens was joined in holy matrimony with Miss Lizzie B. Titus, with whom he lived to the end of his days. This union was blessed with five children, one of whom has preceded the father into the eternal world. The widow, four promising children, two sons and two daughters, remain to mourn, with his aged parents and other friends, his departure.

As a husband and father, he was kind and affectionate, always deeply concerned for the welfare of his family. As a minister and pastor, he was successful in all his charges; and especially so in the Conyngham charge, where the fruits of his work are apparent and an evidence of his faithful and untiring work in the vineyard of the Lord.

Bro. Clemens' private record furnishes the following statistics: Aside from his regular Lord's day services and catechetical instructions, he solemnized 228 marriages, baptized 677 persons and confirmed 635. Of this number, 610 were confirmed in the Conyngham charge. He also officiated at 343 funerals. Thus did our brother end his work in the Lord among a people, by whom he was appreciated and beloved, and "Though dead, he yet speaketh," and "His works do follow him."

E. D. M.

## Selections.

### COMEDY IN CHURCHES.

In recent articles on Voltaire the fact has been emphasized that he introduced comedy into Geneva with the avowed intention of thereby undermining evangelical faith. To some extent he succeeded. He ridiculed religion by dramatic performances, and made that ridiculous which had been esteemed sacred.

In these later days some managers of Churches, and of Sunday-schools, and of young people's associations, have been aiming to commend the Gospel by making it comic. Entertainments of a literary and dramatic character have been given by very religious people, whose great desire has been to impart amusement, at whatever sacrifice of reverence for sacred things and places. The outcome of this experiment has been bad. The hold which the Bible once had upon the public conscience has been weakened by the effort to render religion a play, a performance, or a comedy, for the sake of raising money to be used for religious purposes. For the accomplishment of this many a chapel has been transformed into a place for the exhibitions of buffoonery; many a Church has witnessed, in place of the solemn, joyous forms of worship, the antics and grimaces of Harlequin and Pantaloon.

We do not object to wit, or humor, or mirth. We like them. They give spice and animation to thought. Dullness is intolerable. But we do not admire the bad taste of the thoughtless people who have undertaken to make life a jest, and things eternal a source of merriment. Can we not have some discrimination between matters that differ? May not the Bible and Bible themes be left to stand unprofaned in their proper dignity? The chief problem now is to find out how the people can again be taught to be serious, and feel the powers of the world to come. Religious teachers may very well leave off "inconvenient jesting," and allow the Church to break off from co-partnership with the comic drama.—*Christian at Work*.

If God were to refuse to pardon, sanctify, and save a poor, crying sinner, he would thereby refuse to glorify Himself; pray, then, as Jesus did, "Father, glorify thy name;" glorify it in my salvation.



## Youth's Department.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my little love,  
All through the night;  
Rest close in His encircling arms  
Until the light.  
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,  
Good-night! God keep you in His care always.  
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts  
About my head;  
I lose myself in tender dreams,  
While overhead  
The moon comes stealing through the window  
bars,  
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.  
For I, though I am far away,  
Feel safe and strong  
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—  
The night is long—  
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,  
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you  
everywhere.

## THE GIPSIES' GRAVES.

"Mamma, what is the reason grandfather goes to look at that little old grave-stone near the large window of our church every time he comes to see us?" said James Guthrie to his mother. "I saw him do it when he was here last summer, and this morning he went there again and cleared away with his stick the long grass that hid the inscription on the little old gray stone. When grandfather came back to the manse, I stole down to see what was written on that large tombstone, but could only spell out these words, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.' May I ask grandfather about it?"

"You may, Jamie, when you see him at leisure; that is the gipsies' grave. But grandfather is coming with me for a drive now." And Mrs. Guthrie stooped to give her son a parting kiss.

"The gipsies' grave!" How these words puzzled James, and who could explain them to him? Grandfather and mamma were out; papa indeed was at home, but far too busy in his study to be ready to answer questions about gipsies; for James was the son of a minister in Scotland, as we might have guessed by his living in the manse—a name generally given in that country to the minister's house. This little boy had never seen a gipsy, nor indeed heard much about these strange wanderers; but from what he knew of them, he pictured to himself a tribe of dark, wild looking men and women, who lived in tents, told fortunes, and often were not very honest. To hear about such people must surely be delightful.

At tea the subject was opened, and a promise of the story obtained; so when the table was cleared, grandfather drew his arm-chair near the window, while James placed himself upon a footstool near to listen.

"It was just such another evening, as this, Jamie, a lovely autumn evening, many years ago. I was reading in the study, for you know papa's study used to be mine before they took me away from the pleasant country to be a minister in a large town; and happening to raise my eyes, my attention was attracted by two strange-looking figures that glided along the road—a girl, whose form was partly hidden under a red cloak, and a boy, who seemed somewhat older, and carried a small pack, like a tinker's, on his back. There was something strange in their appearance and movements. As twilight faded into night I lost sight of the children, resolving, however, to make every inquiry next morning about the strangers. But next morning they were nowhere to be found; and a pair of bantam fowls, prime pets of the little people of the manse, were missing also."

"That wicked girl with the red cloak must have stolen them," muttered James. "I believe she did, though not unaided by her brother. This was only the beginning of many thefts of which they were guilty; but they always showed such craft as not only to elude justice, but often even to cast suspicion on innocent persons. In fact, Hans and Gretchen were the pests of the neighborhood."

"Hans and Gretchen! the very names I read on the grave-stone to day."

"These were the only names the gipsy brother and sister ever gave each other.

Twelve months rolled on, and the people of the village began to grow tired of having their things stolen by Hans, even though he could mend kettles and cups so as to make them almost like new. The silly, wicked persons who at first were glad to pay Gretchen for telling their fortunes became weary of her lies, and as willing as their honest neighbors to get rid of the gipsies. But how this was to be done was the question. No one knew where the young gipsies had come from, though it was generally supposed from their names that they were Germans. This supposition was true; for they afterwards confessed that having quarrelled with their 'gluck,' or tribe, they fled to Hamburg, taking with them money enough to pay their passage, first to London and then to Scotland, where they hoped never to be caught.

"Where could a home be found for these poor strangers except in a prison? Their tastes were wild, and their habits dirty; their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them; indeed, the only good point in their characters seemed to be a great affection for each other. Various attempts were made both by myself and others to coax the gipsy children to school; but what were promises of teaching and clothing to those who had never felt the want of either? It was quite another person than the village school-master or the clergyman who was to be their teacher. Your dear grandmother had a little niece, a child of eight years old, that lived with us. Our gentle Jessie had quiet, thoughtful ways beyond her years, and often of a summer's evening she used to slip away from the noisy game of her cousins to sit under the shade of that spreading tree in the corner of the garden, and read page after page of a large old book."

"The Bible, I suppose," said Jamie, holding down his head a little, as if conscience told him his Bible was not read so diligently.

"Yes, my boy, it was the Bible; and strange to say, our little pet used to read it aloud even when alone, as if to understand it better. One evening Jessie stole away to her favorite seat and began reading a very long story; it was that beautiful one, Jamie, about the death of our Lord Jesus. She strained her eyes to finish it, and then, closing the book began to sing in a very solemn voice—

'How sweet to know, while here below,  
The Saviour's love and story;  
And then, through grace, to see His face,  
And live with Him in glory.'

She had scarcely ended, when a dark face peeped over the wall at her side. Jessie gave a scream of surprise. 'Hush, hush!' whispered the strange visitor; 'I am Gretchen, and will do you no harm. I heard all you were saying. Who were you talking so much to?'

"I was not talking to any one, only reading in the Bible how Jesus died for sinners."

"Who was He?" asked Gretchen; 'I never heard of Him.'

"Never heard of Jesus!" cried Jessie in a tone of the deepest pity. "Oh, poor Gretchen! how can you live without Him?"

"'Tis poor enough living we get here certainly, because every body watches so sharp. But what could He do for us?"

"Jesus is the Son of God; He made everything and can do everything except sin. He always lived above the sky, Gretchen, but He pitied the people that lived on earth, because they were very wicked and very unhappy. You know sin is such a bad thing, Gretchen, that God must punish it; but Jesus came and died for our sins. Some of the people He came to see were not glad to see Him; they hated Him and killed Him. That is what I was reading about."

"Then He is dead," cried Gretchen; 'I thought you said He was alive, and could do everything for us.'

"He is alive, up there, beyond the stars," replied Jessie; 'and if we believe on Him with all our hearts, He will forgive our sins and teach us to do what He bids us, and then we shall go up to see His face and live with Him in glory.'

"You were singing about that," said Gretchen. "Tell me when you are go-

ing; perhaps they would let Hans and me in too."

"We cannot go to see Him until we die," replied Jessie; 'but we can learn about Jesus from the Bible, and talk to Him, and grow like Him even while we are here.'

"I do not want to die," said Gretchen with a shudder; 'but that's a good story; may I come another evening and listen to it again? I have a story of my own too, but not like that; mine is all sad—sad; you would not wish to hear it.'

"Poor Gretchen," sighed Jessie, 'I will ask aunt to let you come every evening to learn the Bible. But see, there are lights in the parlor, I must run home. Good night, Gretchen.'

"The gipsy girl's strange visit was, as you may fancy, the subject of a great deal of talk in our little home circle that night. At first we resolved that Gretchen should not be allowed to come again; but Jessie pleaded so earnestly for the poor unhappy gipsy who knew nothing of Jesus's love, that we yielded to her request. So it was finally settled that Jessie might read aloud in her favorite corner as usual, and that Gretchen should be welcome to listen. We resolved, however, to watch our dear little girl carefully, lest in her efforts to do good she might get harm."

"The long summer evenings shortened into chill autumn ones; still Jessie read and Gretchen listened, while her interest appeared to grow deeper every day as the Bible truths touched her conscience and heart. There was one eye watching her with more than a father's tenderness. It was the eye of God, and He was about to show the untaught gipsy two great sights in the looking-glass of His Word. I wonder has Jamie seen them?"

"What are they, grandfather?"

"The sinner all black with sin—the Saviour altogether lovely, who can take sin away."

"One evening, when the leaves were fast fading, the garden seat was empty. Gretchen waited in vain; at length, tired and disappointed, she dropped on her knees and repeated a simple prayer which Jessie had taught her. A week passed; still the gentle reader did not appear, and Gretchen became every day more uneasy and sad. But you will wish to know whether she liked the Bible stories because they were new to her, or if she was really sorry for having been so naughty, and wanted to try to be good. Well, Gretchen said very little about what she felt to any one except Hans, but every one in the village wondered at the complete change in her conduct without knowing the cause. No more complaints were made about lost chickens, and many missing articles were restored to their owners; but though stealing and fortune-telling were alike given up, both brother and sister contrived to exist on the honest profit of their tinkering. At first these efforts to do right were very hard, but every step became easier; and before winter had passed the astonished villagers heard that Hans and Gretchen attended a school every night, and saw them decently dressed in church on Sundays."

"Gretchen soon learned to read with ease, and so steady was her conduct now that a good old woman who was nearly blind offered her a room in her cottage, in return for which she only asked the gipsy girl to tidy up the little place, and read a chapter for her morning and evening in her dear old Bible."

"Years passed, and the brother and sister worked on together, no longer a pest, but a blessing to the neighborhood, until the fearful cholera spread its black wings for the first time over our land, when Hans and Gretchen were among its earliest victims. They had given, by a holy life, the best proof of a real change of heart; and when the cold bodies of the poor strangers were laid in the grave, we had a stone erected to their memory, and were not afraid to put the inscription you read this morning, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.'"

"But what became of Jessie? Did she die, grandfather?"

"No, my boy, she was long ill, but did not die. Many pious children grow

up to be good men and women. Go ask your mother does she know anything about her."

Jamie guessed the secret, and flung his arms round his mother's neck. Her name was Jessie.—*English Paper.*

## HUMMING-BIRDS.

The humming birds are perhaps the most remarkable examples in the world, of the machinery of flight. The power of poising themselves in the air, remaining absolutely stationary whilst they search the blossoms for insects, is a power essential to their life. It is a power, accordingly, which is enjoyed by them in the highest perfection. When they need progressive flight, it is effected with such velocity as to elude the eye. The action of the wing in all these cases is far too rapid to enable the observer to detect the exact difference between the kind of motion which keeps the bird at absolute rest in the air, and that which carries it along with such immense velocity. But there can be no doubt that the change is one from a short, quick stroke, delivered obliquely forward, to a full stroke, more slow, but delivered perpendicularly."

## PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie,  
Always so full of glee,  
Always so very mischievous,  
The pride of our home is he.  
One bright summer day we found him  
Close to the garden wall,  
Standing so grave and dignified  
Beside a sunflower tall.  
His tiny feet he had covered  
With the mol t and cooling sand;  
The stalk of the great, tall sunflower  
He grasped with his chubby hand.  
When he saw us standing near him,  
G zing so wonderfully  
At his babyship, he greeted us  
With a merry shout of glee.  
We asked our darling what pleased him;  
He replied with a face aglow,  
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man;  
I've planted myself to grow!"  
—Exchange.

## THE STONE LAMB.

A German clergyman, Pastor O'Feucke, tells a story in a very interesting book of his about things which have really happened to him, or which he has met with, on his travels. In 1865 he stood, with a little band of travellers, before the beautiful Roman Catholic Chapel of Werden an der Ruhr, in Germany, waiting for the key to be brought that the door might be unlocked for them to enter. When they waited they saw something on the ledge of the roof, which they found to be a carved stone lamb, and began to wonder what it meant up there. So they asked an old woman who was hobbling along a little way off, if she could tell them about it, and she replied, "Yes;" and related why it had been placed in that strange place.

"Many, many years ago," she said, "where that lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, who had to sit in a basket fastened by a rope as he worked. Well! he was working in this manner one day when suddenly the rope, which held the basket, gave way, and he fell down, down from that great height to the ground below! Of course, every one who saw the dreadful accident expected that the man would be killed; especially as the ground, just there, was covered with sharp stones and rocks which the workmen were using for building. But, to their great astonishment, he rose from the ground and stood up quite uninjured. And this was how it happened: a poor lamb had wandered quite up to the side of the chapel, in search of the sweet young grass which sprung up among the stones, and the man had fallen exactly on the soft body of this lamb—it had saved his life, for he had escaped with the mere fright, and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his heavy fall upon it. So, out of pure gratitude, the man had the stone lamb carved, and set up for a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb."

Do you not think this is a beautiful story? Does it not remind you of the story of the Lord Jesus, the Lamb of God who was slain for us that we might

live forever? Never forget, that "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." And let us copy the poor man's example in being truly thankful, and in showing that we are so. He could not do anything more for the lamb which had so wonderfully saved his life, than make a little monument or memento of what it had done. But there is much that we can do for the Lamb of God who was slain for us. We can love Him for what He has done, and we can give Him the one thing He wants from us. Do you ask what it is for which even the God of glory longs, He who has all the riches of the world, and to whom heaven and earth belong? He says: "My son, give Me thine heart."—*New York Observer.*

## Pleasantries.

Artificial waterlilies on fashionable bonnets are colored blue. Labouchere thinks that next season the sunflowers will be red and the violets will be pink.

When a Yankee is struck by a thunderbolt and knocked endways clear across a ten acre lot, the only regret he feels, upon recovering consciousness, is the disheartening fact that he can't capture the bolt and exhibit it for money.

Many forms of sick excuses have been handed to the faculty, but a recent one completely paralyzed him. "Professor X:—Please excuse my absence from college duties last Monday and Tuesday. I was confined to my room by sea-sickness."

A couple of peasants discuss the fertility of their respective provinces. "At Bordeaux," said one, "if you let a match fall to the ground, the next year there will grow up a forest." "At Marseilles," cried the other, triumphantly, "you let a suspender button fall, and in eight days you will have a pair of pantaloons ready made."

"I don't believe much in history," said a modern miss, "and particularly the history of Cinderella. "In my opinion there never was any such person." Thereupon she went to the looking-glass and powdered herself furiously in a vain attempt to conceal the too brilliant color which had been produced by her efforts to get on a No. 8 shoe.

A Galveston darkey has returned from a business trip to the interior of the State somewhat disgusted. "Didn't you receive any offers to pick cotton?" asked a friend. "Yes, sich as dey was. A man offered me one-third ob de amount I picked, and when I looked at de field I saw for myself dat when it was all picked it wouldn't mount to one-third, so I left for home." "You was in luck dat he didn't fool yer." "You bet I was, Sandy. My reftetic was all what sated me. I tell yer all, send yer childrens to school."

"I hev accidentally larned," began the president of the Lime Kiln Club, as the meeting opened, "dat de local members of our club am makin' up a shake purse to buy me an ile paintin' as a present. I hope the scheme will stop short. Not dat I wouldn't feel honored—not dat I wouldn't feel grateful—not dat I wouldn't 'preciate de kind motives of de givers, but kase it would be money frown away. I lib in a humble cabin. We have got some stuffed green cha'rs in the parlor, and some chromos on de wall dat cost two shillin's apiece, but it am no place dar fur an ile paintin'. It would be just as much outer place in my cabin, and wid my surroundin's, as lace curtains ober a smoke-house winder. My green cha'rs now harmonize wid my ingrain carpet; my chromos doan look bad 'longside of a plaster-of paris bust of Shakespeare; my three dollar clock haint any too gorgeous for the chinz lambrequins which de ole woman made. We are only ole slave folks up dar, but we know better dan to w'ar seven dollars worf of hat wid two dollars worf of botes. If white women want to come down town wid a \$100 cloak on, an' go back home to carpets full of holes an' bakers' bread suppers, dat's no guide for my old woman. If white men walk aroun' like lords, and yet owe for last Winter's coal, dat's no guide for me. No, gem'lem, doan make up no present, nor nuffin, but keep your change down in your pockets for sore froats or a tech of fever."



## Miscellaneous.

## THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it.  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are lifted.  
There was never a night without a day,  
Nor an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jewelled crown  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden dilling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate silver threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit to grieve and wonder.

## THE HORSE IN ENGLAND.

The Egyptians mummied all sorts of sacred brutes, including bulls, cats, and crocodiles. If Englishmen should ever take to embalming beasts, I am sure that, notwithstanding the national name and the place which roast-beef holds in English song and story, they would pass by the bull, and swathe the defunct horse in muslin and spices. For, if the horse be not a god in England, at least the cult of the horse is a sort of religion. There are tens of thousands of English gentlemen who have horse on their minds during the greater part of their waking hours. The condition of the animals; their grooming; the cut of their tails and manes; the way in which they stand, or step, or stride; the fashion of their harness; the build, the look, the dress, of coachman and groom,—these are matters to them of deep concern, of uneasy anxiety. And this is not once a year, or once a quarter, or once a month, but every day, and two or three times a day; every time, indeed, that they ride or drive. Nor do I mean only those who are called "horse" men, gentlemen drivers of mail-coaches and the like, who are grooms in everything except taking wages, and some of whom, I was told, will carry their coachmanship so far as to take a "tip." Apart from these, there is a very large class to whom the perfection in the minutest point of their equestrian "turnout" is a question of the major morals. When one of this class feels sure that his horse, his "trap," and his groom will bear the criticism of his friends and rivals, the ineffable air of solemn self-sufficiency with which he sits the saddle of the box is at once amusing and pitiable. These men criticize each other's equipages as women criticize each other's dress, as pedants criticize each other's scholarship. Indeed, in England there is a pedantry of the stable.—*Exchange.*

## MESSAGES FROM THE SEA.

A few instances of messages from the sea, reported from time to time to have been found, like Poe's manuscript, in a bottle, may perhaps be taken for what they are worth. A girl picked up in the sea, near Barrow, a securely-corked bottle containing a scrap of old newspaper, on which was indistinctly written: "Gone down off the coast of Ireland, the steamer Combat, with all hands. Captain Yates." There was no mention of date on which the ship sank, but the writing appeared to have been hurriedly done. On the shore of the Bay of Luce a bottle was reported to have been found containing the following message, written in pencil on a piece of paper, the writing being much faded: "On the 29th of April, 1876, the ship Heracles was wrecked on the extremity of Patagonia. Crew in the hands of savages. Bring us assistance." During a fearful winter storm, it was conjectured, from the large quantity of wreckage floating about, that many vessels had been lost at the mouth of the Tay in addition to those reported at the time. Some particulars reached the press—whether verified or not the writer is unable to say—that a letter inclosed in a bottle was cast ashore on the Fifeshire coast giving a clue to one of these ships. The letter, blotted and otherwise damaged by sea water, was written in bold Norwegian characters, and was thus translated: "Schooner Bay, Tonsberg, 25th December, eighth

morning. We are now in a sinking condition, within sight of the Bell Rock, outside the river Tay. We have had both boats smashed and carried away, and cannot, therefore, make an attempt to come ashore. We have experienced great hardships during the heavy gales in the North Sea. Greater part of rails, stanchions and bulwarks are carried away. We have been laboring constantly at the pumps for three days, and the fore-castle and cabin are full of water. Everything is destroyed, and we have but little to eat. We now put our trust in a merciful God, and if it is our fate to die, we hope to arrive at a heavenly throne. The crew is otherwise all well, and asked to be remembered to their dear ones at home. (Signed) H. Mathson, captain of the schooner Bay." The letter bore the address, "To Tonsberg, Norway." The name of the Bay was on the Norwegian shipping lists, and she would have a crew of seven or eight hands, and is supposed to have been bound, coal-laden, from the Tyne to Norway. This sad message from the sea was reported to the owners. Considering what has resulted from mariners' experiments with bottles afloat, and how often, after disasters at sea, these have been the means of communication between the living and dead, too much cannot be said in condemnation of thoughtless persons who perpetrate hoaxes of this description.—*Chambers' Journal.*

## HOW GREEK TEMPLES WERE MAINTAINED.

The temples of the Greeks were erected and endowed partly at the cost of the state, and also by the piety of rich individuals. Probably in many cases, as for instance at Olympia, the temple was not built till long after its site had become hallowed by sacrifice and by the consultation of an oracle. Each successive generation of worshippers contributed offerings, which, as they accumulated, formed a fund subsequently devoted to the building of the temple. It was customary to dedicate the tenth of the spoils of war, and to enforce the observance of treaties and laws by fines to be paid to some particular deity named in the law. The land confiscated on account of political offenses became the property of the local deity, and was either added to the domain of his temple, or resold in lots, with a title guaranteed against all claims by divine authority.

In proportion as the wealth of a temple increased, so also grew the fame of its worship, and offerings came from the kings and potentates of far countries, eager to propitiate the deity of a famous shrine, and at the same time to cultivate the alliance of the state in whose territory it was situated. Then arose the belief that these time-hallowed sanctuaries were the safest conceivable places in which earthly treasure could be laid up, and the temples became in some sort banks of deposit. As specie and bullion accumulated in the coffers of the gods, it was invested in loans or in the purchase of real property. It has been asserted too, not without some show of probability, that in some instances the temples had mints from which coins were issued. It may be well to illustrate these statements by reference to inscriptions. In the most ancient extant treaty in the Greek language, a fine of a silver talent, to be paid to the Zeus of Olympia, is imposed on any one who presumes to violate the treaty. In like manner, in the convention between the people of Halicarnassus and Lygdamis, published in my *History of Discoveries*, any one attempting to set aside the enactments of that law is liable to have his goods confiscated to Apollo. In an unedited inscription from Halicarnassus, which seems to be the sequel to the convention with Lygdamis, certain real property is described as due, i. e. forfeit to Apollo and other local deities, and those deities undertake to guarantee the titles of this forfeited real property to all who purchase it from them; the surveyors of the temple, *neopoiot*, for ever being associated in this guarantee. So in the accounts of the Temple of the Delian Apollo, preserved in the celebrated Marmor Sandviense (Bockh. No. 158), a list is given of persons, all fined 10,000 drachmæ for impiety, *asebia*. A decree found at Oropos in Boeotia shows how such treasures were dealt with when articles became unserviceable. This inscription gives a list of a number of sacrificial vessels belonging to the Amphiarion at Oropos, which were broken up as unfit for use, and melted down again; and it is ordered that a large gold sacrificial dish *phiale*, be made out of the bullion thus obtained, and be dedicated to Amphiaros. In like manner a statue of Zeus is dedicated at Ilium Novum (Bockh. No. 3607) by the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian out of the bullion thus obtained, and be dedicated to Amphiaros. In like manner a statue of Zeus is dedicated at Ilium Novum (Bockh. No. 3607) by the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian out of the bullion thus obtained, and be dedicated to Amphiaros. In like manner a statue of Zeus is dedicated at Ilium Novum (Bockh. No. 3607) by the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian out of the bullion thus obtained, and be dedicated to Amphiaros.

ber of functionaries independent of each other. Three commissioners are to be elected from the entire body of citizens, who are to receive the treasure in question from its ordinary guardians, the *hierarches*. The polemarchs, who were the chief magistrates, and the *katoptæ*, who seem to have been a kind of scrutineers, are to take part in this handing over. The three commissioners are then to cause to be put in order such articles as are in need of repair, and to make new sacrificial vessels of the remainder, consulting the polemarchs, hierarchs and *synegori* about this. An inventory of the articles which are to be broken up and melted down, specifying the weight, the name and country of the dedicator, and the nature of the object, is to be engraved on a marble pillar.—*C. T. Newton, in Nineteenth Century.*

## Selections.

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—  
To do the plain duty of the moment quickly  
and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

As every lord giveth a certain livery to his servants, Charity is the very livery of Christ. Our Saviour, who is the Lord above all lords, would have His servants known by their badge, which is love.—*Latimer.*

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

A man is like a chameleon, which takes the color of the tree on which he lives. No one can live with the wise without learning something, and no one can be a companion of fools without suffering injury. The Dutch say, "He that lives with cripples soon learns to limp."

Never give way to melancholy or indulge in forebodings of evil. Why destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it, for every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.

Grief should be  
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,  
Strong to consume small troubles, to command  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts  
lasting to the end.

—*Aubrey De Vere.*

## Science and Art.

LIGHT WHEELS FOR CARRIAGES.—A Bridgeport, Conn., gentleman has had a carriage fitted with a full set of bicycle wheels, which he has found light, strong, and on rough pavements, or even on ordinary roads, far superior to the common wooden wheels. Made of steel, nickel-plated, and with rubber tire, they cost about a third more than the best wooden wheels, but are more durable and easier for riding.

PAPER AIR-CUSHIONS.—Air-cushions made of Japanese paper are said to have some advantage over those made of india rubber, such as that they may be rolled into a package of smaller dimensions when not in use, that they will not stick together as india rubber does when it is wet, and that they are free from odor. They are very strong, for they will sustain a weight of 160 pounds without bursting, are said to be waterproof, and to make excellent life-preservers.

LONDON FOGS ARE TO BE "SAMPLED." by balloons so that their constituent elements can be learned at different altitudes. The president of the Balloon Society of Great Britain recently suggested that this could be done by means of captive balloons, each aeronaut carrying a bottle for obtaining the gas at the stipulated heights, which might be dropped to the earth and immediately conveyed to a chemist for the purpose of analysis. He thought that there could be very little doubt that the cause of the fogs in London was not so much owing to carbon ascending as to the humidity or dampness of the atmosphere. The great evil in connection with this matter was the fact that in London there were no through streets. London was not, like Vienna and Paris, divided into squares: indeed, the only real thoroughfare in the metropolis was that which began at Shepherd's-bush and extended along the Uxbridge road, down Oxford street to Holborn Viaduct, and from observations taken, it had been ascertained that this route was singularly free from fogs. Like a room filled with smoke, the fog required a current of air to waft it away or cause it to lift. As a rule haze was not more than 300 feet in height, and he believed an explosion of dynamite in the upper atmosphere would often disperse it.

## Items of Interest.

A military guard accompanies every train on the Mexico and Vera Cruz Railroad, and at every station a guard is drawn up under arms on the arrival of every train.

The *Record* estimates the costs of the parades of the presidential campaign of 1880 at half a million of dollars, and those who are familiar with the details of such pageants will not think the estimate too high.

Congress will again be in session in a few weeks, and the officials at the Capitol are already preparing for the advent of the lawmakers. Carpets are being laid, desks put in order, and things generally brightened up.

The annual income from that portion of the Peabody educational fund apportioned to the State of Louisiana, has been diminished from twelve to six thousand dollars by the decrease in the rate of interest on government bonds in which it was invested. This income is now to be devoted to the support of the two white and colored Normal Schools in New Orleans, and the establishment of model schools in connection with them.

The smallest bell of Cologne Cathedral received a few months ago serious injury. It was taken down and sent to Grosse's foundry at Dresden to be recast. It had been originally

cast in 1418, and has already been recast twice. The court organist says that the tone is now perfect. There are three other bells. One is the great "Kaiserlocke," the chief ingredients of whose metal come from the French cannon taken at Sedan. The two others are comparatively old.

As many as 850 Mongolians left San Francisco a fortnight ago on the City of Peking for the Flowery Kingdom. The causes of this unexpected exodus are not clear. Several Chinese merchants explained it in this way:—There is a lack of employment in California, and it is cheaper to send the unemployed Chinamen back to their country than to keep them in San Francisco. This solution of the problem was discredited along the wharf, and it was suggested that improvements are contemplated by the Chinese Government, and that with an object of securing skilled Chinese laborers, who had the advantage of witnessing the modus operandi of Americans, the agents of the six companies had been asked to procure the services of local workmen in various grades, and contract with them in the name of the home Government.

A uniform improvement in business for 1879 is shown by the tables of bankruptcy. In that year there were only 6,658 business failures in the United States, with liabilities of about \$98,000,000. During 1878 there were 10,478 failures, and the liabilities exceeded \$234,000,000. The liabilities of bankrupts in previous years exceeded \$190,000,000 in 1877 and 1876; \$220,000,000 in 1875; \$155,000,000 in 1874, and \$228,000,000 in 1873. The geographical distribution of failures of 1879 is interesting. In the West, one trader in 159 failed; on the Pacific, one in 45; in the Middle States, one in 100; in the Eastern States, one in 85; in the South, one in 93. This shows that the West is best off, and the Pacific Slope the worst. On the entire list, in 1878, one trader in 64 failed; in 1879, only one in 105. This improvement will be seen to be very marked when we remember that it applies to an army of traders numbering 702,157.

## Personal.

General Garibaldi is so feeble that the utmost care and repose are required to restore him to his ordinary health.

Rev. Luther Halsey, D. D., LL. D., died Friday, Oct. 23, at the residence of his brother, Norristown, Pa., in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was during his life Professor of Natural Philosophy in Princeton College, Professor of Theology in Allegheny Seminary, and also at Auburn Theological Seminary.

The Rev. Joseph Cook was entertained at breakfast in London ten days ago by the treasurer of the Christian Young Men's Association, a large number of the lights of British nonconformity being present. Mr. Spurgeon wrote: "I should regard it as a great pleasure to accept the invitation to meet so distinguished and useful a teacher. But I am an invalid, and must be denied many of the joys of social life for a while."

The ex-Empress Carlotta has fortunately lost all memory of her Mexican experience, never making any allusion to it. The unhappy princess in the darkness of her mind still retains the habits of court etiquette, exacts all ceremonious adjuncts, even to a guard of honor, and always attires herself in a handsome costume for dinner. The only visitor whom she consents to see is Queen Marie Henriette, who shows a kindly devotion to the invalid which does her honor.

## Books and Periodicals.

A copy of any one of the books noticed in this column will be forwarded to any address by the Reformed Church Publication Board, on the receipt of the price named in the notice.

SILVERY ECHOES, OR PRAISE AND PRAYER. A Collection of Hymns and Music, especially adapted for Children and Youths in the Primary and Intermediate Departments of the Sunday-school.

Such is the general title of another musical work issued by J. H. Kurzenknebe, of Harrisburg. It contains eighty pages, is published by Crider & Brother, York, Pa., and sells at twenty-five cents the single copy, and two dollars and forty cents per dozen, and twenty dollars per hundred copies, when sent by express. The work, as far as we can judge, possesses the same excellencies, which attach to similar works heretofore proceeding from the same source, and will, we doubt not, meet with a similar favorable reception from the public.

LITTLE MOTHER. By Madame E. Pressensac. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton, author of "Fidèle," etc. Pp. 218. Price, \$1.16. American Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 1512 Chestnut Street, Phila.

In the volume, the title of which is given above, the American Tract Society has added another to the many interesting and attractive volumes, issued by it in the interest of the young. Its scenes are laid in the city of Paris and vicinity, and beautifully illustrate the nobleness of character frequently evinced in the midst of great poverty, and in connection therewith also, the true excellence of Christian charity as it is sometimes exemplified in the case of those who move in the higher walks of life. The style of the work is exceedingly simple, and the incidents related so exquisitely touching, whilst true to nature, that the reader cannot fail to be interested in the perusal of the work and be greatly profited by it.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON BOOKS FOR 1881. By Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Ira Bradley & Co., successors to Henry Hoyt, No. 162 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., have issued three volumes for such Sunday-schools as use the Uniform Series of Lessons adopted by the International Committee. The first is designed for Senior classes; the second for Intermediate classes, and the third for Beginner's classes. They contain a considerable amount of matter in common, such as a separate responsive opening and closing service, a brief selection of hymns, etc., and each volume, at the same time, furnishes something distinctive, specially adapted to the particular class of pupils for which it is designed. They will prove an extremely aid to teachers, and are furnished at the extremely low price of 15 cents per copy for each volume.

NON-SECTARIAN LESSON COMMENTARY ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. By J. H. Vincent, D. D., Boston: Ira Bradley & Co., 162 Washington St. Pp. 342. Price, \$1.25. This work comprises a full commentary upon all the lessons for Sunday-schools included in the International Series for 1881, and will be found very convenient for the teachers in the Sunday-schools, which use this series. It is a large octavo volume, printed with small but clear type, on good paper, and furnishes a large amount of matter gathered from a great variety of well accredited sources. It also contains a number of convenient maps and a large variety of well executed illustrations.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. October, 1880. Irish Rents, Improvements, and Landlords, by Murrrough O'Brien; A Century of English Poetry, by Algerson Charles Swinburne; Cattle Ranches in the Far West; County Constituencies—A Plan of Reform, by T. W. Frow; Are We Englishmen? by Grant Allen; Political Economy in the United States, by T. E. C. Leslie; The Tragic Comedians: A Study in an Old Story, by George Meredith; Home and Foreign Affairs; The Trumpet Major, by Thomas Hardy, Chapters XXXI. to XXXIV., from Good Words. Price, 20 cents. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. October, 1880. Obstruction or "Cloture," by the Right Hon. Lord Sherbrooke; The Creeds—Old and New, I, by Frederic Harrison; The Chase: Its History and Laws; I, by the Lord Chief Justice of England; The Unstable Equilibrium of Parties, by E. D. J. Wilson; Petty Roman, by Joseph Lucas; Wapiti-Running on the Plains, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Danvers; Diary of Liu-Ta Jen's Mission to England, translated by F. S. A. Bourne; The Philosophy of Crayfishes, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Cashel; Political Economy, by H. D. Traill; Democritus Possession in India, by W. Knighton; Alexandre Dumas, by Walter Herries Pollock; The "Portsmouth Custom," by Lord Lynton; M. P. Sunrise: A Story of These Times, by William Black, Chapters XXVII. to XXXI. Price, 20 cents. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of The Living Age for the weeks ending October 30th and November 6th, respectively, contain the following articles: The Unity of Nature, by the Duke of Argyll, Part II.; Contemporary Review; Bush Life in Queensland, conclusion, Blackwood; Diary of Liu-Ta Jen's Mission to England, Nineteenth Century; Interwoven and Ticonderoga, Fraser; Lois, a Sketch, Blackwood; James Russell Lowell, Gentleman's Magazine; Senior's Conversations, London Quarterly; An Historical Love Match, Fraser; On the Sources of History, and How They Can Best be Utilized, Contemporary; Vicissitudes of Art Treasures, Magazine of Art; A Link Between the Present and the Thirteenth Century, Times; Standards; Sport in the Olden Time; The Game of Pall Mall, Land and Water; together with a variety of interesting shorter articles from the Spectator and Saturday Review; the conclusion of "Adam and Eve," by the author of "Dorothy Fox," and the usual amount of select poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both by postpaid. Littel & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

## Married.

At the residence of the bride's father, in Berlin, Pa., October 7th, 1880, by Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh, Mr. Frank B. Collins to Miss Emma Johnson, both of Berlin, Pa.

On the 28th of Oct., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. John M. Pontious, Mr. Lewis M. Freymuth of East Fairfield, to Miss Myra J. Crookes of Union Township, Crawford Co., Pa.

Thursday evening, Oct. 21st, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. A. B. Koplin, Mr. William Wisley to Miss Laura A., youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph and Phebe Laubach, all of Cattaraugus, Pa.

On the 6th inst., at the Reformed parsonage in Alexandria, by the Rev. M. H. Sangree, Mr. Emory G. Piper to Miss Jennie B. Thompson, both of Alexandria, Pa.

On the 14th inst., at the same place, and by the same, Mr. J. B. Mirely of Huntingdon, to Miss Libby A. Shultz, daughter of Henry Shultz, Esq.

On the 22d inst., near Yellow Springs, Blair Co., by the same, Mr. Samuel Downey to Miss Mary A. Hyle, both of Blair Co.

## Obituaries.

DIED.—At Mount Carmel, Northumberland Co., Pa., Oct. 12th, 1880, Mr. James L. Roemer, aged 30 years, 11 months and 12 days.

The deceased was a communicant member of the Reformed church at St. Thomas, Pa. He removed to Mount Carmel a few weeks before his death. During his short but severe illness, he displayed the heroism of a true Christian, and died with the hope of a glorious resurrection in Jesus. His body was taken to St. Thomas, and buried in the grave yard of the Reformed church.

DIED.—In Greenville, Pa., Miss Ada J. Ash, oldest daughter of Elder Edwin Ash, aged 19 years, 1 month and 5 days.

Ada lived a life of suffering. From early childhood she was the constant care and anxiety of her fond and loving parents. But in spite of the tenderest parental care and of all medical skill, it seemed inevitable that an early death was awaiting her. On the evening of the 28th of August, a day never to be forgotten by her sorrowing friends, after having suffered for a number of days the most extreme pains, she fell quietly asleep in Jesus.

The bereaved household, whose joy is turned into mourning, has the entire sympathy of the congregation and community, and the assured hope that their loss is Ada's gain. May the Lord comfort them in their untold grief! May He heal the wounds of the stricken hearts! F. B. HANN.

DIED.—Oct. 26th, 1880, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Eden B. Jacoby, in Altoona, Pa., Mrs. Esther McNoldy, aged 72 years, 7 mos. and 5 days.

Mother McNoldy, whose maiden name was Leff, was born in Berks Co., Pa. In infancy she was consecrated to God by holy baptism, and in her youth received into full communion with the Reformed Church by the solemn rite of confirmation. During her later life she was a member of the Reformed church at Quakertown, Bucks Co., where she resided for many years. Last fall, owing to the increasing infirmities of age, she came to Altoona, and made her home with her children who all reside here. She was an earnest and sincere Christian, and much of her time during the past year especially, was spent in reading her Bible and in prayer. She had no fear of death, but rather desired to depart and be with Christ. Calmly and peacefully she fell asleep in Jesus, and now, no doubt, is happy with Him whom she so devotedly loved and so faithfully served during her earthly pilgrimage. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways." T.

## Acknowledgments.

## SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC. Beneficiary Education.

Receipts during October.  
From Virginia Classis, per Rev. J. A. Hoffheins, Treasurer, interest on the Balam Rinker Legacy, \$50; Hagerstown chb, per Rev. J. S. Kieffer, pastor, \$19.40; Martinsburg Chb, per Rev. J. D. Miller, \$9; Schellsburg chb, per Rev. H. S. Garner, \$1.74. Total, \$80.14.

Mercesburg Pa., } Wm. M. DEATRICK,  
Nov. 1st, 1880. } Treas. Board of Education.

## BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Received per Rev. C. Baum, from the 1st Ref cong, Pottsville, \$9.35; Lewistown, \$9.65; Middleport, \$4; Deep Creek, \$7; Rev. J. A. Keller, Randolph, O, from Lima, \$28.86; Randolph cong, \$12; a friend, \$5. Total, \$49.86. Wm. D. GROSS, Treasurer.

From Mrs. Catharine Smith, Phila, \$5; Ref cong, Minersville, Rev. D. M. Christman, \$7.40; Warren cong, O, Rev. E. H. Otting, Jackson cong, \$3.42; M. Keckling, 50c, others, 8c, in all, \$4; some members of St John's cong, Leb, clothing, no estimate sent; Rev. M. Peters, Hamburg, Pa, \$2; Rev. G. W. Roth, Titonium, Bucks Co, \$2.50; Hoopes & Co, per Peacock & Orth, Reading, 12 tons coal; Ref Chb, Millersville, Lan Co, Rev. J. P. Mohr, 50c; Miss Sue Groh, Shafersfort, Leb Co, \$1; Mrs. Justina Fogley, Tremont, 1 bbl. apples, 1 box soap, onions, &c, no estimate sent. D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
Rev. C. U. HEILMAN,  
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.  
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1880.

### THE MYSTICAL UNION.

In the new birth, or birth from above, the Christian becomes possessed of a new spiritual life. The terms used to designate his regenerate state can mean nothing less than this. It is not a mere change of the mind, or affections, or will, separately taken, but it is a change which includes all these, a renewal of the deepest centre of man's spiritual being. Life is the most comprehensive term to denote this. Naturally man is dead in trespasses and in sins, and his new birth, or regeneration, is nothing less than life from the dead.

If now we inquire whence this life comes, the Scriptures unmistakably point to Christ as its source. "Because I live, ye shall live also." "I live, nevertheless not I, but Christ liveth in me." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." These and many other passages clearly teach, that, in some sense, the life of the Christian comes from Christ. To designate this relation, the Church has used the term *unio mystica*, mystical union, in order to describe its unique character and distinguish it from other unions.

It is distinguished, on the one hand, from the *hypostatic* union, the union of the Divine and human in the person of our Lord. Christians are not united to God in that way, for then they would become *Christs*. But they are merely Christians. This guards the doctrine of the *mystical union* against pantheism. If the essence or being of God were united to individual men of any class, as His essence is united in the person of our Lord, then men would be God, and thus we would have a species of pantheism.

On the other hand, however, this union is distinguished from a merely moral union, such as may subsist ordinarily between a teacher and his disciples. Such a relation exists, for instance, between Plato and his disciples, or Luther and his followers. The relation includes merely resemblance of views or belief. Every one can see at once, that such a relation would not be adequate to express the union between Christ and His people. He is in them, and they in Him, in a different sense from this. Otherwise the figures, used to designate it, would be meaningless.

This union implies a participation in the humanity of our Lord. This is, indeed, the touchstone which determines whether any one is orthodox on this old Protestant doctrine. The classical passages of Scripture bearing on this point are contained in the sixth chapter of St. John. No exegesis can satisfy the meaning of the language used by our Lord in that mysterious discourse, which does not find here taught that His people partake of His humanity. "Except a man eat my flesh and drink my blood, he hath no life in him." His flesh and blood here can mean only his humanity. So Calvin understood it, and he is careful to emphasize this truth.

Now this union with Christ, in which the Christian is made a partaker of His life, including His humanity, is called "the mystical union," just because it is different from every other union, though it has its analogies. It has such an analogy in the vine and the branches, or in the relation of Adam to his descendants; but no union in the sphere of nature is so intimate or so lasting as that between Christ and His people. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" &c.

This doctrine of the mystical union is

sometimes called pantheistic, but this charge is made by those, who are ignorant of what pantheism really is, or they are repelled by the mystery that is involved in the doctrine. Pantheism is a partaking directly of the essence of God, whereas in the mystical union there is a union with God through Christ, the Mediator; so that it is just this doctrine that saves us from pantheism. Then, the objection that it involves a *mystery* has no force, because regeneration, or the new birth must ever be a mystery, transcending the natural understanding. But why should we reject it on this account? Are we not surrounded by mysteries even in the natural world? And if we cannot comprehend these, why should we suppose that we can comprehend the greater mysteries of the supernatural world? "If I have told you of earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

The doctrine of the mystical union is an old Protestant doctrine, and it is no objection to it, that it is a mystery. If we give that up, because the cry of pantheism is raised against it, then we will soon have to surrender other doctrines which are equally mysterious. We walk by faith, not by sight, and we are not disturbed by any objections if we are sure that we are resting our faith on the Word of God. That is a sure guarantee for our faith.

### THE GALESBURG RULE.

The General Council of the Lutheran Church did not discuss the Theses on the Fellowship question, during the recent sessions at Greensburg. This was because of the absence of the author of them and the pressure of other business. By the way, Dr. Delitzsch has recently made a deliverance on this subject. He says, "This, then, is my conclusion: No community of altars *de jure* between churches with differing doctrines; nor, on the other hand, any disciplinary prohibition to exclude members of other churches, as such. Let the admission of individuals be and remain a matter for the pastor to decide."

This is the position taken by Dr. Seiss in the debates of the Council and in the *Lutheran and Missionary*. The *Lutheran Standard* would not accept Dr. Delitzsch as a representative of orthodoxy, but seems to think there is more than one way to square a quartermaster's account. It urges that the above view would be well enough, provided no pastor's principles or prejudices would allow him to admit any but a Lutheran to a Lutheran altar.

### COMPARISONS.

There are persons in every Christian denomination, whose special business it seems to be, to compare unfavorably their own with other Churches. There has been more of that doleful business carried on in our Church, of late years, than ought to be endured without the most emphatic rebuke. We are one of those, who believe that it is not only mean and contemptible for people to indulge in making faces at their ecclesiastical mother, but also a gross violation of the fifth Commandment.

We assert, with no faint assurance, that there is no just cause for such unfilial conduct. In making comparisons many things—not one merely—ought to be considered. But even in the matter of Christian benevolence—the one leading hobby of the fault-finders—there is a bearing of false witness by the children against their mother. Take the Methodist Church, for example, which above all others has been lauded to the skies for this especial grace. A certain Conference, containing a membership of thirty thousand, and as much wealth, culture and social influence as any similar body in the land, reported between seven and eight thousand dollars, last year, collected for Missions, Home and Foreign. Let any one compare this with our own reports of contributions for missions, together with the fact, that the Conference referred to includes numerous churches in one of our largest cities, where they handle money as most of our people do potatoes, and where it is supposed it is,

above all things, desirable to establish ourselves, for the very reason, in large measure, that we would then have more available funds than we now have to carry forward our benevolent operations. The same number of our own people have done better than that, as may be seen by examining the official figures.

But is this fact a cause for self justification for us as a Church? By no means. We have great reason to humble ourselves before God, on account of the manner in which we have treated the divine command, to evangelize the nations. Our standard of duty is, not the example of this or that Christian Denomination, but, the command of Christ. Let us forget the things which are behind and reach forth unto the things which are before, and stop making odious comparisons.

Let those Reformed people, who have advanced so far beyond their Church that they must needs vex their righteous souls over her grievous faults, and complain bitterly over the supposed desolations of their beloved Zion, consider seriously, whether the faults and derelictions of duty are not rather with themselves, and that they may, after all, have acted the part of camp followers and stragglers, instead of standing up bravely in their places at the front. K.

### THE WINNING WORKER.

A few weeks ago, a somewhat elderly-looking gentleman, in clerical garb, entered our office. It proved to be the Rev. Dr. James Porter, with whose name we had been familiar years ago, when, in the palmy days of the great Methodist Book Concern of New York, it was associated with that of Carlton, as joint managers of that large establishment. As is only too often the case, several years ago, some of the younger fraternity thought growing years necessarily brought with them weakening capacity, and hence he had to give place to some more youthful aspirant for the position; he had so long and so successfully filled. What the consequences were in the course of a few subsequent years, the public generally know. *If they did not bring fatal disaster with them, they involved the Concern in no small amount of reproach, which was neither creditable nor advantageous to the denomination, by which it had been so heartily and amply sustained.*

We are, however, getting away from the main subject in hand. Very pleasant and we trust, profitable, was the interview, we had with one whom we before had seen and of whom we had so often heard, but yet, with whom we never had enjoyed any personal intercourse. Since his retirement from his position in the Methodist Book Concern, Dr. Porter has not been idle. He has written a number of excellent works in the special interest of the religious denomination to which he belongs. He had a copy of one of his works with him, however, which he assured us, was entirely undenominational, and on account of the good it is calculated to do, it being eminently practical in its tendencies, he would like to see it circulated amongst all religious denominations, prominent members of some of which, he was pleased to say, were taking hold of it for that purpose. The Book bears the general title placed at the head of this article, and has, as a sub-title, "or, The Possibilities, Duty, and Methods of Doing Good to Men." The copy of the book in hand was left with us, with the understanding, that we should carefully examine it, and, if we then could honestly commend its circulation among our people, we should do so, and copies of the work, as many as might be needed for that purpose, would be furnished to our Publication Board on favorable terms.

We have endeavored to comply faithfully with our part of what became a mutual understanding between us. The book has been carefully read. Its perusal, we are pleased to say, has afforded us much pleasure, and, as we trust, no small degree of profit as well as comfort. Often were we moved to tears by some touching incident recited in illustration of a particular point in hand. Its style is admirable. The language is chaste, simple, forcible, and easily understood.

Nothing is overdrawn, or favors of the extreme. The work could not be improved in this respect, in regard to which, also, the contrast is marked between it and the brief introduction from a personal friend, with which it is prefaced.

The work is eminently practical, which attribute the author claimed for it. No better evidence of this fact can be given, than by the mere recital of the consecutive headings of the eighteen chapters, into which it is divided: "The Proper Mission of Life;" "The Situation Considered;" "The Possibilities of Usefulness;" "Importance of Right Aims;" "A Mind for the Work;" "Religion Demonstrable by Experiment;" "Power with God and with Men;" "Pleading Men for their Good;" "Earnestness Necessary;" "The Power of Self-Sacrifice;" "The Joy of the Lord our Strength;" "The Power of Persuasion;" "How to Help Ministers;" "Witnessing for God;" "Courage and Independence;" "Sources of Weakness and Defeat;" "The Responsibility of the Unconverted;" "Doing Good a Means of Grace."

We have said, the author assured us, that the work is entirely undenominational. We believe he was perfectly honest in this statement, and doubtless, from his standpoint, it may be so regarded. It does not contain a single reflection on any Protestant denomination, nor any direct disparagement of their distinctive modes of working. Yet, in some instances, the modes of working commended, and the incidents cited by way of illustration, savor of the distinctive system which prevails in the denomination in which the author was reared and in whose service he has spent his long and active life, though naught of what is regarded as extremes by many of the best men in his own communion, is by any means commended. It would, indeed, be strange were this not the case, and that unconsciously to himself.

Notwithstanding the feature, to which we have just adverted, may be regarded by some as an objection to its circulation outside of denominations in which it finds its proper home, yet we feel free heartily to commend its perusal to both ministers and laymen, in our own communion, who desire to be as useful as possible in laboring for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. They will derive from its perusal, many excellent practical hints, which will aid them much in their Christian work. It touches upon points, in regard to which there exists much ignorance, followed with many deplorable deficiencies, at the present day. Any individual Christian, to be a happy and growing Christian; any pastor, to be comfortable and successful in his sphere of labor; and any congregation, to insure its prosperity, must each, in their respective spheres and relations, be eminently practical workers in the vineyard of the Lord. Only when this truth is felt and carried out fully into practice, can we expect the kingdom of Christ to flourish and prevail.

Should any of our readers be desirous of procuring the work, which contains three hundred pages and costs one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy, it can be procured through our Publication Board. F.

### INTERESTING BOOK COMING.

Under the title of "Vignettes of Travel; or some Comparative Sketches in England and Italy," a new volume will shortly be published by the Lippincott house, from the pen of W. W. Nevins, Esq., who has recently returned from a year's travel abroad. The main drift of the work is in the direction of comparative study of the politics and society of these countries as contrasted with our own. It will be enriched with personal sketches of Gladstone, Garibaldi, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, Henry Irving and others, Mr. Nevins having enjoyed exceptional facilities for meeting prominent men and studying public affairs. Some of these sketches, which appeared in their first form in public journals of the United States, were republished in such foreign periodicals, as *The University Review*, Cambridge, England, *Galignani* of Paris, which is the best evidence of their value.

## THE "MESSENGER" IN HARMONY CHARGE, PA.

Our Traveling Agent, H. K. Binkley has just finished canvassing the Harmony charge, of which the Rev. F. A. Edmonds is pastor, and as the result has sent in twenty-five new subscribers for the "Messenger." He has also returned eight subscribers from the New-castle mission. From this point he has moved North, from which quarter also we expect to be furnished with a good return. F.

### NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

The President of the United States has issued his proclamation for a national thanksgiving, to be held on Thursday, the 25th instant. The proclamation will be found in another column. It is presumed, the Governor of this State, will, as usual, unite in appointing the same day, as a time of general thanksgiving in behalf of the State. The annual observance of such a festival, when it is done in a becoming spirit, must exert a powerful influence for good, reminding us all, as it is designed to do, of the special obligations, under which we are placed, to the Great Source of all good. F.

### Notes and Quotes.

And now it is proposed to hold a Pan-Lutheran Council at old Wittenberg, the city of Luther. The suggestion comes from Rev. Dr. John G. Morris of Baltimore.

The Rev. R. S. Maclay says of missionary advantages in Japan: "It seems that, in many respects, the openings in Japan are more favorable than those in other countries. In proof of this we may briefly refer—First. To the social and political changes, in the interests of progress and modern civilization, that have recently occurred in Japan—changes that would constitute a new era in the history of any country, and which have already done much towards placing Japan among the Christian nations of the world. Second. To the reverential, impressible, and enterprising character of the Japanese, a character to which the claims of Christianity have never been presented in vain, and which, in the case of the Japanese, gives brilliant promise of quick and glorious returns to the Church for her evangelistic efforts in this field. Third. To the success which has crowned the efforts of Protestant missions in Japan, a success achieved almost entirely during a period of eleven years (1869–1880), where by the realization of the Government's opposition to Christianity, direct evangelical work in Japan became possible, and a success partially indicated by the formation of Christian churches and the growth of Christian communities in the capital and most of the chief cities of the Empire. etc., etc."

## Communications.

### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROCEEDINGS.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Synod of the Potomac was held in the Reformed Church of Woodstock, Shenandoah county, Va., commencing on Wednesday evening, October 13th, 1880. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring President, Rev. Dr. Santee, from 1 Thess. ii. 4. "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts." The sermon was appropriate to the occasion, and was carefully listened to by the large audience present. The Stated Clerk called the provisional roll, provided for by the Synod of Frederick. The attendance was large, to which additions were made at the opening of several subsequent sessions. In this number the Classes of Zion, Maryland, Mercersburg and Virginia were represented.

No delegates were present from the Classes of North Carolina, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. The Synod met in General Convention. Rev. Dr. Martin was elected President, Rev. Dr. Zieber, Vice-President, and Rev. A. J. Heller, Corresponding Secretary. Before 9 o'clock, the Synod adjourned to meet on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock. The speedy organization was the result of the new rules for this purpose adopted by the Synod of Frederick. These rules proved such a success, that they were re-adopted unanimously for the organization of the next Synod.

#### Thursday Morning Session.

The President announced the usual Standing Committees, composed of four ministers and three elders. The chairmen are as follows: Rev. H. St. J. Rinker on Religious Services, Rev. W. M. Deatrick on Minutes of Synod, Rev. W. F. Colliflower on Overtures, Rev. W. C. Cremer on Minutes of Classes, Rev.



Reformed Church Publication Board,  
907 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.



## Family Reading.

## WANTED, A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Wanted, a perfect lady,  
Delicate, gentle, refined,  
With every beauty of person  
And every endowment of mind;  
Fitted by early culture  
To move in a fashionable life.  
Please notice our advertisement:  
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,  
Who well to her household looks.  
(Shall we see our money wasted  
By extravagant, stupid cooks?)  
Who cuts the daily expenses  
With economy sharp as a knife,  
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen.  
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A very domestic person.  
To "callers" she must not be "out;"  
It has such a bad appearance  
For her to be gadding about.  
Only to visit the parish  
Every year of her life,  
And attend the funerals and weddings.  
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

To conduct the ladies' meeting,  
The sewing-circle attend;  
And when we work for the needy,  
Her ready assistance to lend.  
To clothe the destitute children  
Where sorrow and want are rife;  
To hunt up Sunday-school scholars.  
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

Careful to entertain strangers,  
Traveling agents, "such;"  
Of this kind of "angel visits"  
The leaders have had so much  
As to prove a perfect nuisance.  
And "hope these plagues of their life  
Can soon be sent to their parson's."  
"Wanted, a minister's wife."

A perfect pattern of prudence  
To all others, spending less,  
But never disgracing the parish  
By looking shabby in dress.  
Playing the organ on Sunday  
Would aid our laudable strife  
To save the society's money.  
"Wanted, a minister's wife."  
—The Primitive Methodist.

## THE DISCOMFORT OF BEING A THORN.

Thorns have their mission in this world—a mission of good as well as of evil; but who would choose the mission of a thorn? Even though the thorns are essential to the safety of the rose, who would not prefer to be like a rose in its attractiveness, rather than a thorn in its repellent harshness? Paul had "a thorn in the flesh" given to him of the Lord, as a means of grace, and he was grateful for the constant presence of this thorn, during the days of his warfare with self and sin; but, after a while, if that thorn had been a conscious personality, would it have had a great deal to brag of, or would it have found any real comfort in the thought that it had been of service in the world only by making a good man uncomfortable?

There are some of us who, by our very peculiarities of nature, and by our providential place in the world, are set to be thorns in the flesh to others—it may be those who are far greater and better than ourselves. By the very composition of our characters we are led to see the lack or the faults in those whom we meet, and to be prompted to urge the supply of that lack, or the correction of those faults. It is not in our natures to sit down quietly, or to want others to sit down, while our house, or our neighbor's house, is on fire, or while cries for help are coming into our ears from the street just outside. And as we look at it, there is always some improvement and some progress needing to be made in the world. While we admit that "we must take the world as we find it," we do not admit that we ought to leave the world as we found it. There are reforms to be initiated or to be pressed; there are old errors to be pointed out and combated; sleepy workers are to be aroused, and inactive ones are to be spurred to effort. There is to be no letting of "well enough alone" until "well enough" is attained to—and that will never be until everything is in as good shape as it can be. Our methods and words are a continual protest against those who would heal slightly the hurt of God's children, "saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace;" who would lay on a soothing poultice where only the surgeon's sharp knife can give relief. Those of us who have this make-up, and, consequently, this mission in the world, are sure of keeping things about us in a stir; but we are quite as sure of being a cause of discomfort to others as we are of unrest to them. We are sure of being looked at as the thorn, rather than the rose; as the surgeon's knife, rather than the poultice; and that isn't a pleasant light to be seen in! We may be doing our work in the world, but our work is not an agreeable one, even though it may be a necessary one. Said a quaint old preacher, who found himself set to no little controversy in behalf

of the truth in his field of labor: "In the care of the Good Shepherd's flock, there are not only under keepers, but dogs to help in caring for the sheep. I suppose I am one of the Shepherd's dogs, and I have some barking to do to keep the sheep in their place, and to keep off the wolves." If we have the dog traits in our characters, and are called to the use of them, we must do our duty faithfully; but we must not expect to be counted gentle and winsome as the little lambs which we ourselves love and look after. Barking does not win hearts like bleating.

Some of us plainly recognize the fact that our truest and best work in life is sure to make others uncomfortable, and in the recognition of this fact we are ourselves discomfited. When we must disagree with others we are sorry that we cannot agree with them. When we have to criticize their statements, or their conduct, we wish that we could substitute unqualified commendation for criticism. When there is no alternative before us but to blame them, it would be a real pleasure to us to give them praise instead. It pains us, more than others imagine, to be a cause of pain to those whom we respect or love. What, indeed, could be harder than to know that with the best of intentions on your part, your very presence was a source of discomfort to one dearer than life? "Faithful are the wounds of a friend;" but wounding a friend is not what we enjoy in our friendship. One of the saddest stories in all the Bible record is that of the wife of Jerobam coming back to her gloomy home after her visit to the prophet Abijah at Shiloh. She had been told that when her heavy feet reached the home of her sick child, that son should die. What a conflict in her mother-heart! Her sick son needed her; she must fly to him. If she approached him, he would die. To stay away would break her heart. Her heart would break if her coming was death to him. "And when she came to the threshold of the door, the child died." Poor woman! And there is such a struggle as hers continually in many a heart which has little credit for warmth and tenderness. Go forward in the path of duty it must. Going forward is death, or suffering, to those dear to it. Give pity, then, rather than censure to those whose mission it is to be a thorn in the flesh of God's children.

If indeed there are any who *delight* in being thorns, they are thorns without a mission. They ought to feel discomfort, whether they do or not. Of one thing they may be sure,—and that is unpopularity, if not the hatred, of those who know them. They are not roses, and will never be mistaken for them. They are sure of being disliked; the only question is, whether it isn't right that they should be. Being a thorn ought to make the thorn uncomfortable. It does if the thorn is good for anything.—S. S. Times.

## THE SUNNY HOME.

I know a room where sunshine lingers, and there is a breath of summer and mignonette in the air whenever I think of it. There a tired man comes home and throws off overcoat and hat without looking to see what becomes of them. There is a broad table in the light, strewn with papers and magazines, women's work, with a litter of rose leaves dropping over them from a central vase. There is a wide sofa of the days of the Georges, fresh covered in chintz, with ferns and harebells for patterns, and a tired man goes down there with a great ruffled pillow under his shoulders, and opens parcels and letters, dropping them on the floor, as the most natural place for them. A girl has been painting, and her water-colors and papers lie on a side table, just as she left them to rush for an impromptu ride. I have never been able to discover any disarrangement of the household economy by this flight. Somebody left a shawl on a chair. There will be nothing said about it at breakfast next morning.

There are no laws here against playing with the curtain tassels, no regulations as to how often the snowy curtains may be put up or left down. They do not last the season out, crisp and speckless as the neighbor's do across the way, but the only consequence is they are oftener new and clean. There is nothing very fine about this house, but things are renewed oftener and look brighter than they do in other houses. The chairs have no particular places, and anybody feels at liberty to draw the sofa out when it pleases him. There is no primness about the place. If there is grass on the lawn, it is meant to be walked on, and the geraniums are fondled and petted and caressed as if they were children. Do you know there is a magnetism in green leaves and growing flowers derived from the earth's heart, that makes it good to handle and feel them? This house is known as the place where one dares to break fast. There is no economy of waiting. Coffee

and cakes are put where they will be hot; the table is cleared to suit the housekeeper's convenience, and a small one set for the late comer.

Nobody lies awake at night till the light ceases to shine under your chamber door, if you want to sit up and read a volume through. There is an unwritten law of convenience for the household which regulates better than any Code Napoleon. And the benefit of allowing people to be a law unto themselves is, that they are much better-natured about it when they do obey. There is indulgence and repose in this lovely home, and a great deal of time for things which most people cut short—an hour's play with the children, a "right-down good" chat with a neighbor, a day of letter-writing once a fortnight. Disorder does not imply dust or soil of any kind. It does not include shabbiness or mean chaos. It means "leave to be"—in most cases, thinking of people more than things. Order is simply harmony of a few notes. Disorder is the flowering, branching melody of one theme—and that theme, individuality.—Southern Churchman.

## A SAFE BRIDGE.

We believe in temperance in all things; but we also believe that total abstinence is the true temperance in regard to intoxicating liquors. The man who never drinks will never become a drunkard, nor by his example cause another to become a drunkard—that is certain. It is a safe rule for all. It is the only safe rule for many. There has latterly been a revival of the old quibbling with words over the matter, and men whose vocation, position, and character should make their every word emphasize the danger of the drinking habit, have been placed before the public in the equivocal attitude of sanctioning if not commending a "temperate use" of the good things of life, including "good liquors." There are no good liquors; the only degrees are bad, worse, worst. And the least bad will make drunkards, or excessive drinkers, of seventy-five per cent. of those who habitually use them, just as surely as the superlatively bad. Fire burns and alcohol blights without much regard to the fuel or the form. The difference is in degree, not in kind. Men should abstain, not only because there is peril in moderation, but because there is no good reason for indulgence at any time. Nothing is better established than the fact that to produce and maintain the highest physical condition, and to fit men for the utmost endurance of which they are capable, there must be no liquor used. What is true of the body is even more true of the mind. The illusion that made a connection between gin and genius was long ago dispelled. Alcoholic fumes breed instant disorder in the brain. Even the poets who have sung the praises of wine have done their writing with a clear head. They learn from experience that they must sing first and drink afterwards. The rational conclusion is, therefore, the one reached by Colonel Higginson—that as "men are habitually better off without alcoholic stimulants, it is better to go without them all the time." Abstinence is the safe bridge. It carries men over temptation and all the perils incident to a habit that is, however we may prate about "moderation," confessedly the monster evil of society.—The Golden Rule.

## A HALF-DESTROYED BIBLE.

A father in South Carolina was about sending his son to college. Fearing lest the principles of Christian faith which he had endeavored to instill into his mind, would be rudely assailed, but trusting in the efficacy of that Word which is quick and powerful, he purchased, unknown to his son, an elegant copy of the Bible, and deposited it at the bottom of his trunk. The young man entered upon his college career. The restraints of a pious education were soon broken off, and he proceeded from speculation to doubts, and from doubts to a denial of the reality of religion. After having become, in his own estimation, wiser than his father, he discovered one day, while rummaging his trunk, with great surprise and indignation, the sacred deposit. He took it out, and, while deliberating on the manner in which he should treat it, he determined that he would use it, as he should need it, to wipe his razor on while shaving. Accordingly, whenever he went to shave, he tore out a leaf or two of the Holy Book, and thus used it till nearly half the volume was destroyed. But while he was committing this outrage, a text now and then met his eye, and was carried like a barbed arrow to his heart. At length he heard a sermon which discovered to him his own character, and his exposure to the wrath of God, and riveted upon his mind the impression which he had received from the last torn leaf of the blessed yet insulted volume.

Had worlds been at his disposal, he would freely have given them all, could they have availed him to undo what he had done. At length he found forgiveness at the foot of the cross. The torn leaves of that Sacred Volume brought healing to his soul; for they led him to repose on the mercy of God, which is sufficient for the chief of sinners.

## BY FAITH WE ARE IN CHRIST.

"He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world."—Eph. i. 4.  
"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 17.  
"That I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness."—Phil. iii. 8, 9.  
"Ye are complete in Him."—Col. ii. 10.  
"He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."—Eph. i. 6.  
"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3.  
"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Eph. ii. 13.  
"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."—Rom. viii. 1.  
"In whom also we have an inheritance."—Eph. i. 11.  
"But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.  
"Teaching every man that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. i. 28.  
"In Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor. xv. 22.  
"Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."—1 Thess. iv. 14.  
"Abide in Him."—1 John ii. 28.

## WHAT WE DO BY FAITH.

We die.—Rom. vi. 11.  
We live.—Gal. ii. 20.  
We stand.—2 Cor. i. 24.  
We walk.—2 Cor. v. 7.  
We fight.—1 Tim. vi. 12.  
We overcome.—1 John v. 4.

## WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

In faith a *Believer* in Christ.—Mark xvi. 16.  
In knowledge a *Disciple*.—John viii. 31.  
In character a *Saint*.—Rom. i. 7.  
In influence a *Light*.—Matt. v. 14.  
In conflict a *Soldier*.—2 Tim. ii. 3.  
In communion a *Friend*.—John xv. 15.  
In progress a *Pilgrim*.—Heb. xi. 13.  
In relationship a *Child*.—Rom. viii. 16.  
In expectation an *Heir*.—Rom. viii. 17.

## NOTHING LOST.

I flung away, 'mid dust and mould,  
A little bulb—a shriveled thing;  
The glory of the risen Spring  
Has crowned its slender stalk with gold.  
Gone into darkness and the dust,  
O precious life we could not save!  
Why gaze I on an empty grave?  
She lives, she dwells amid the just.  
O friend, whatever shall befall  
Of good or ill, in time to be,  
Be sure it shall be well for thee;  
Beyond is all Eternity;  
Trust Him, our God, who keepeth all.  
—Watchman.

## REWARDS OF GRACE.

The Duke of Burgundy was waited upon by a poor man, a very loyal subject, who brought him a very large root which he had grown. He was a very poor man, and every root he grew in his garden was of consequence to him; but merely as a loyal offering he brought to his prince the largest his little garden produced. The prince was so pleased with the man's evident loyalty and affection, that he gave him a very large sum. The steward thought, "Well, I see this pays; this man has got \$50 for his large root; I think I shall make the Duke a present." So he brought a horse, and he reckoned that he should have in return ten times as much for it as it was worth, and he presented it with that view. The Duke, like a wise man, quietly accepted the horse, and gave the greedy steward nothing. That was all. So you say, "Well, here is a Christian man and he gets rewarded. He has been giving to the poor, helping the Lord's Church, and see, he is saved; the thing pays, I shall make a little investment." Yes; but you see the steward did not give the horse out of any idea of loyalty and kindness and love to the Duke, but out of very great love to himself, and therefore had no return; and if you perform deeds of charity out of the idea of getting to heaven by them, why, it is yourself you are feeding, it is yourself that you are clothing; all your virtue is not virtue, it is rank selfishness, it

smells strong of selfhood, and Christ will never accept it; you will never hear Him say "Thank you" for it.—Spurgeon.

Obscurity and comfort are frequently friends, but popularity and trouble generally go together.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

Silk handkerchiefs should be washed with borax, in tepid water, with little or no soap. Iron them before dry.

Whenever you see your sauce boil from the side of the pan, you may know that your flour or corn-starch is done.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.—To one quart of sifted flour add two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, sweet milk enough to mix it. Have the dough rather stiff, roll and bake in a sheet. As soon as baked split open the whole cake, spread one piece quickly with butter, cover with well-sweetened apple sauce, pour over some thick sweet cream, grate on nutmeg, place the other half on this, crust side down, spread with butter, cover with apple-sauce, cream and nutmeg.

A FRUIT OMELETTE.—Beat up the whites of four and the yolks of six eggs with a very small pinch of salt. Put a piece of fresh butter in the omelette pan, and directly it is melted pour in the eggs. As soon as they are set fold up the omelette, inserting within the fold as much jam as will lie in it. Turn out the omelette neatly on a dish, cover it with powdered sugar, and glaze it with a red-hot salamander or hot shovel. Any kind of preserved fruit will do for this, and it is a pretty dish for lunch or supper.

ATTRACTIVE LUNCHEONS.—There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at bottom of pail. Such a luncheon will often prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in cutting the bread trimly and neatly, packing the cake in white paper, and the whole in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin pail—is not pains thrown away. Some children are born fastidious, and with a distaste for food.

They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them. We have heard a grown woman, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, describe with a shudder the effect which her dinner-basket at school had upon her. The very sight of it took away all appetite, and she went through the afternoon faint and fasting rather than meddle with its contents. By all means break the custard in a pretty cup, and do what is possible to give the luncheon an appetizing appearance to the little people who depend upon it for the working force of their long school day.—Scribner's Magazine.

POTATO CROQUETS.—In preparing this tasty side-dish take one pound of mashed potatoes, one egg, one tablespoonful of milk, a little pepper and salt and a cup or two of bread crumbs or cracker dust. The best utensil for mashing potatoes is a fork, but a good method is to grate them through a sieve. When the potatoes are mashed the salt and pepper are added. The milk and yolk of one egg are then mixed in, and the whole stirred over the fire until the egg is dry; this requires about one minute. The kneading board is well floured, and, while warm, the mass is separated into small balls or rolled into any shape desired. The white of the egg is then beaten slightly, and each ball covered with a light coating. The bread crumbs or cracker dust are then placed in a piece of paper and the balls separately placed upon it, and by rolling them from side to side are completely covered. This is the best method of coating fish. To cook anything in fat, such as oysters, croquettes or fish, the grease should be heated to 375 degrees. This heat could easily be determined, for at that degree the fat begins to smoke. At this heat they would be done in about one minute. In order to keep it from burning when not in use, a raw potato or a large crust of bread should be placed in the fat, to be removed again when ready for use. Fat can be used over and over again. When its properties are exhausted it can be readily renewed by adding fresh material. This rule applies to lard as well as drippings. When anything is cooked in fat or lard it should be removed from the pot and placed at once on a piece of brown paper. This absorbs the remaining grease. The croquets were placed in a pot of smoking drips and in a few moments were removed and were found to be beautifully browned.—Miss Dods.



Religious Intelligence.

**Home.**

The total receipts of the American Board in the year from all sources were \$430,752.46.

A motion looking toward the endowment of each missionary bishopric in the sum of \$25,000 has been offered in the General Convention at New York.

Bishop Warren said, at the Colorado Conference, that no one had asked for an appointment, but several had been asked to go to exposed frontier points, and not one had refused.

St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, built by the Coleman family at Lebanon, Pa., at a cost of \$100,000, was consecrated on the 18th inst. The chancel furniture alone cost \$5,000.

The *Congregationalist* says: "The percentage of Yale students who have gone into the ministry during the last ten years has been nine, Williams twelve, Amherst twenty-three, and Oberlin thirty-eight."

The German Presbyterian Church in New Orleans has become Lutheran. The four Lutheran congregations of New Orleans and Algiers held a union service on August 22d to welcome the new comer into the Lutheran fold.

Some of the Brooklyn Methodist preachers are endeavoring to make the morning preaching service more attractive to the children of their congregations by giving them, every Sabbath, a short address directly before the usual sermon.

The Associate Reformed Synod of the South held its Annual Meeting at Oak Hill, Alabama, September 23-27, fifty-six delegates being present. The question of communion with other Churches, having been sent down to the different presbyteries, was settled by the adoption of the following resolution: "While the Standards do not allow of open or indiscriminate communion, they do allow a restricted or a regulated occasional communion; and, therefore, in extending this privilege, Sessions are to maintain our testimony in doctrine, worship and discipline, so as to secure the edification of the Church."

The New York *Observer* says:—"At a recent great convocation of ministers and elders of one of the Reformed Churches, one of the Cabinet of the present national administration, a distinguished civilian, was presiding. One of the ministers used an offensive word as applied to another member. The chairman stood up and with great gravity said:—'It is not for me to suggest to such an assembly as this the language which it becomes them to use in speaking of one another.' The rebuke was awful. That a civilian, a statesman holding political office, and accustomed to the language of Congress, should thus intimate to Presbyterian ministers that they were unparliamentary in their terms, was a terribly severe as well as just censure."

**Abroad.**

The assassins of the Rev. Dr. Parsons, who was murdered in the Turkish dominions, have been sentenced, one to death, and two others to penal servitude.

The London Missionary Society has found its station at Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, too unhealthy, and is taking measures to secure a more salubrious site.

A missionary at Canton has arranged a new Chinese alphabet of thirty-three letters, by which he claims that all the words which now require so many thousand symbols can be written.

A colporteur in Japan recently sold a thousand copies of the Scriptures in two weeks, and the Mayor of Yokohama has ordered ten copies of the New Testament to be placed in one of the schools.

Lyons, France, not to be outdone by either Ireland or Wales in the way of miraculous appearances, has enjoyed the same appearance with a radical change of character, the apparition in the latter case having been that of the devil.

A new instance of Moslem intolerance is reported from Southern Armenia. A Moslem woman and her daughter, in Surfa, had embraced Christianity, and the daughter had married an Armenian. The Moslem inhabitants made a disturbance over the matter, and the newly-married couple were put in prison.

From China we have accounts of long journeys by members of the China Inland Mission into little-known parts of the Empire. Among them are those of two women missionaries, who set out alone and arrived in safety at Hanchung-fu in Shensi—a feat which would have been impossible a few years ago. A Korean convert is translating the New Testament and the Pilgrim's Progress into his native language.

The London *Times* remarks, in reference to the discussions now going on concerning the nationalizing of the English Church, that few are aware of the great advance that has been made in toleration within a comparatively short period. "Two centuries ago Nonconformists could not meet for public worship. They could only meet in holes and corners, in back parlors and hay-lofts, on the sly, and as law-breakers. Only a century ago, upon the least suspicion of a private 'mass-house'—a public one was out of the question—constables were set on, and suspected Papists hunted down the street to find shelter where they could. Half a century ago a Dissenter could only be in Parliament on sufferance, and a Papist not at all, on any terms."

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